14 Comics to Drive Him WILD in Bed! (Or wherever.)

RESILIENT BRAINFOREST

#7 FEBRUARY 2013

NSFW/Adults Only

The SEX Issue

I HAVE A CRUSH ON MY SEX TOY!

What happens at SEX parties?

How scared should I be of the HAUNTED HOUSE?

A recipe for PERFECT SEX!

Is PIPPITIPTATION right for YOU?

sexy A NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM

Resilient Brainforest #7

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As anticipated: when I gave artists an opportunity to tell their stories about everyone's favorite subject, people had a lot to say.

This might be my favorite issue so far. Contributors went pretty far out there. I love that.

The March's theme will be "It's Not What It Looks Like". I expect costumes, mistakes, and poorly-concealed lies.

Jonathan Harford

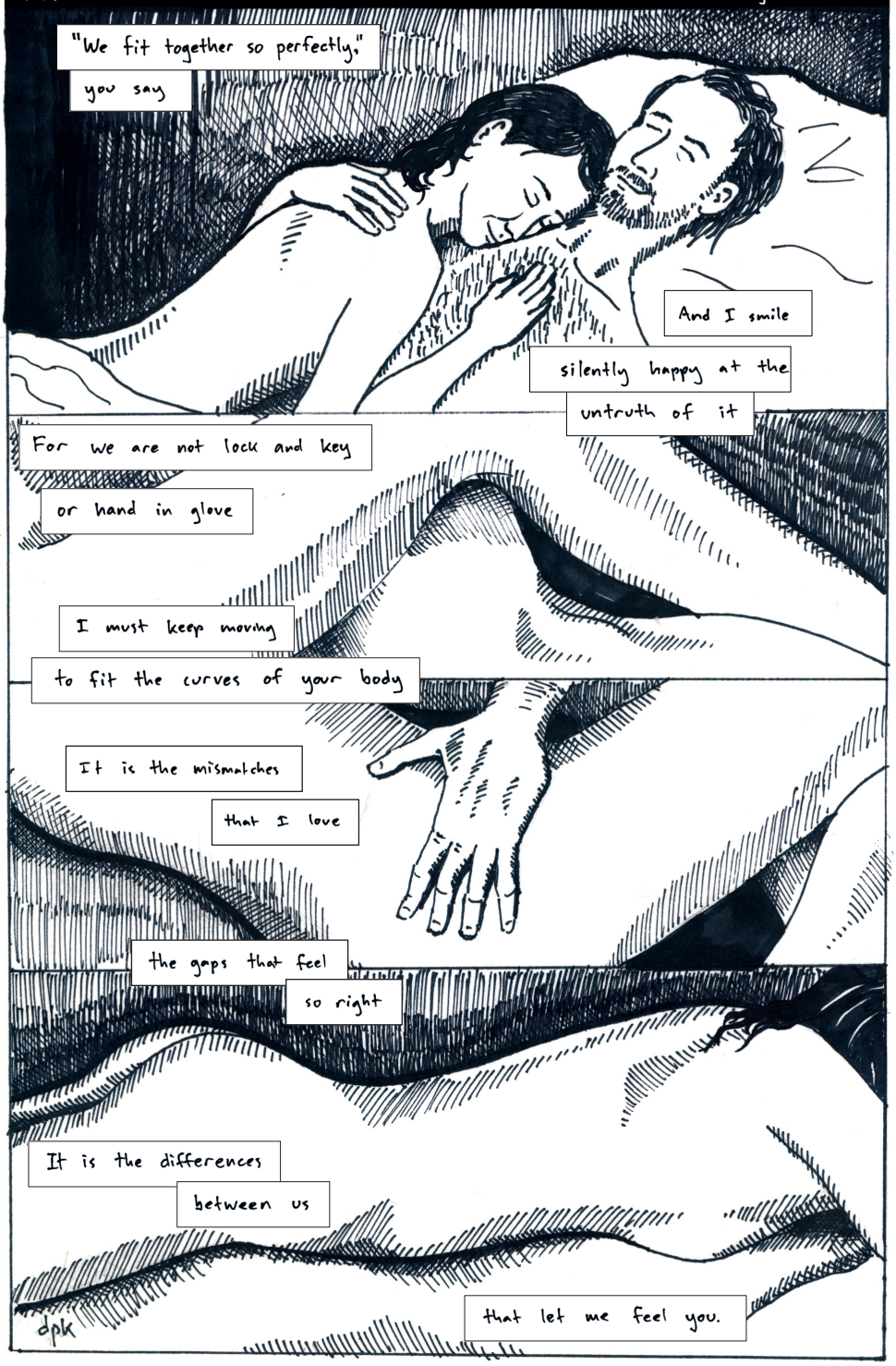
Jonathan Harford

Professional Demeanor (A True Story)

by Jonathan Harford

Fit

by Dan Kalafus

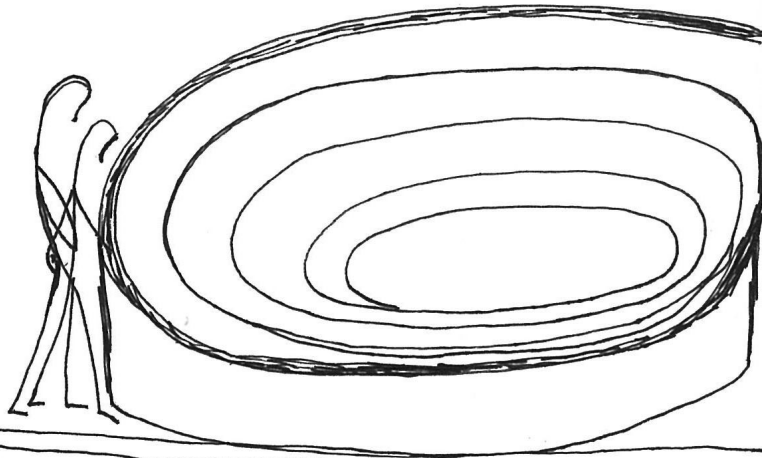


When Fantasy Meets Reality

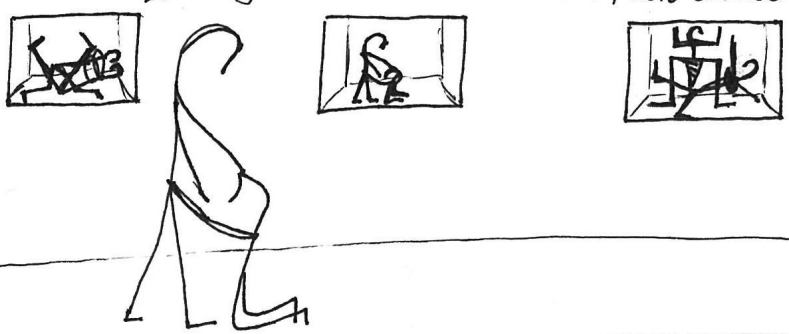
By Zoe Ziegfeld

At the museum

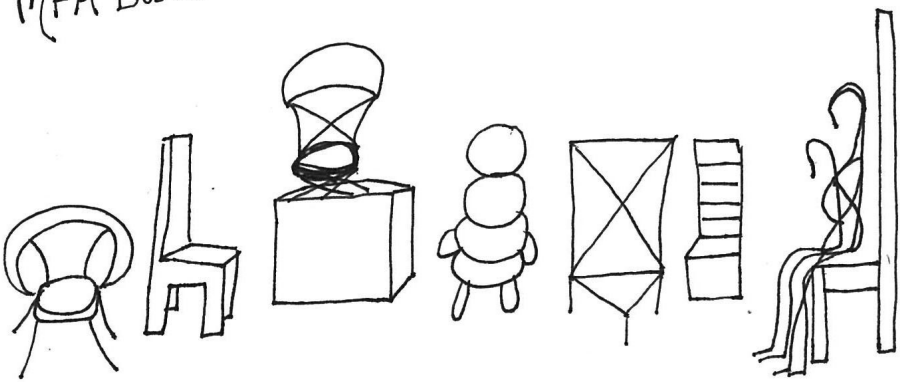
The Guggenheim



Museo Arqueológico Rafael Larco Herrera, sala erótica



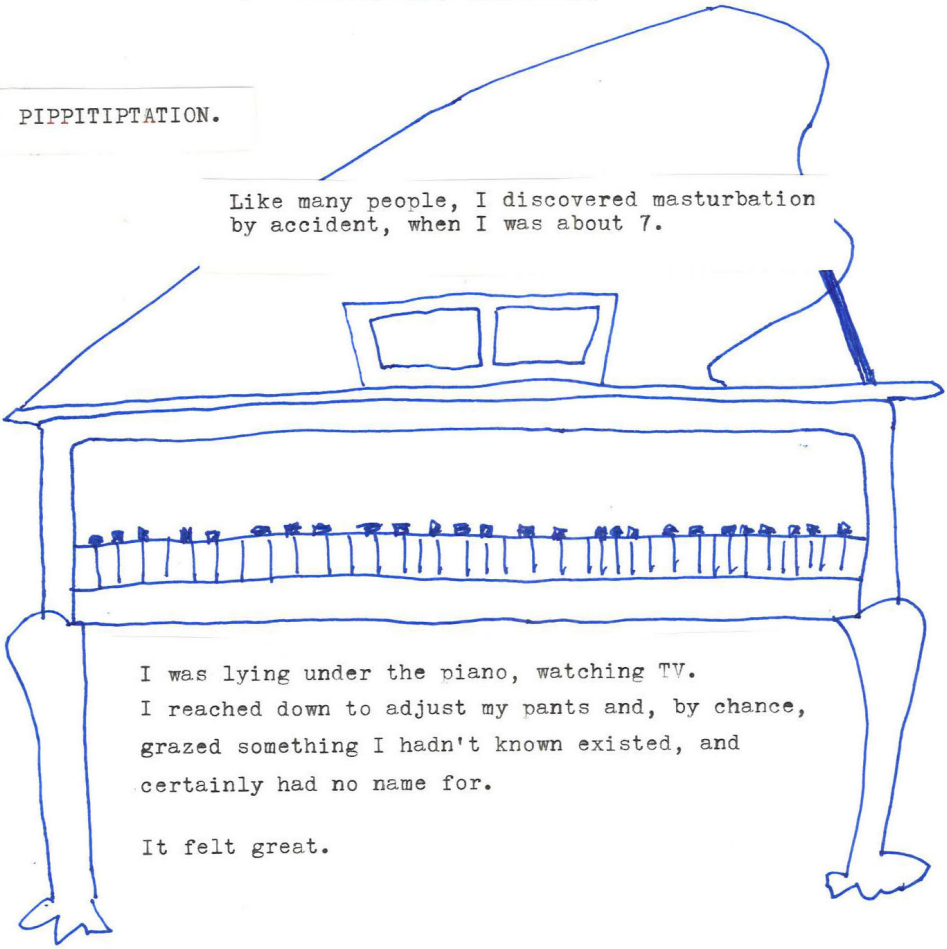
MFA Boston



Rubin
Nevada Museum of Art
DIA : BEACON
Come inside ...

PIPPITIPTATION.

Like many people, I discovered masturbation by accident, when I was about 7.



I was lying under the piano, watching TV.
I reached down to adjust my pants and, by chance, grazed something I hadn't known existed, and certainly had no name for.

It felt great.

Having never heard of sex, I had no idea shame could be attached to my new hobby, so I did it frequently.

My family had no idea what to say to me about my new hobby. I have great respect for their saying basically nothing at all.

That is, until the day my older sister decided to broach the subject with me. (I have great respect for how she handled this as well.)

Our conversation went something like this:

So... what's that thing you do?

What thing?

You know... like while watching TV. When you're lying on your front.

Oh! That thing.

Yeah... where did you learn it?

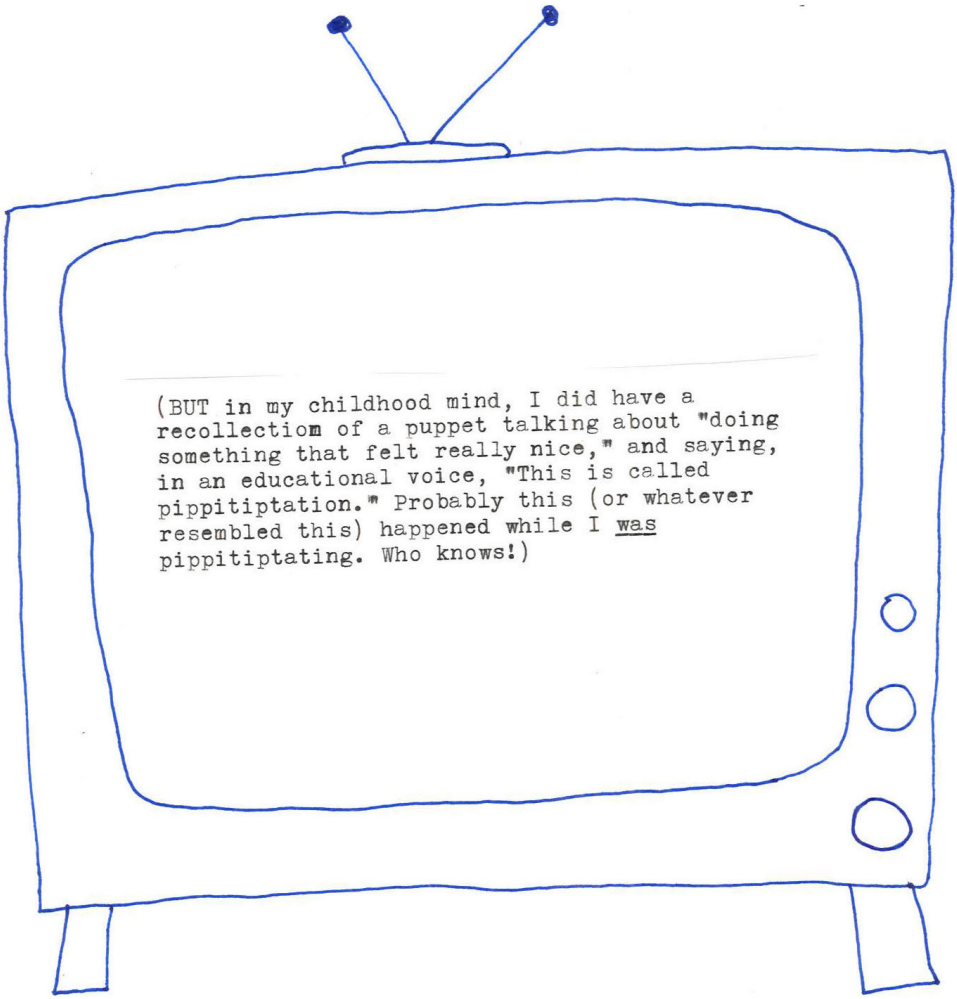
I can't remember... but they talked about it on TV one time.

They did?

Yes. It's called PIPPITIPTATION.

It is? Who said that? What show was this?

I ACTUALLY HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THIS CAME FROM.



(BUT in my childhood mind, I did have a recollectiom of a puppet talking about "doing something that felt really nice," and saying, in an educational voice, "This is called pippitiptation." Probably this (or whatever resembled this) happened while I <u>was</u> pippitiptating. Who knows!)

In any case, my sister thoughtfully responded:
"Well, it seems like something people do on their own.
So I think it's a private thing. Maybe not really
for doing around other people."

For better and for worse, I've pippitiptated
the same way ever since.
Arriving at the same sensation that this private
activity produces, with another person, can
still be a challenge.
But it's always been super easy on my own to
"do something that feels really nice."

...and don't you agree that the *word* "pippitiptation"
is closer to what it actually feels like than any of
the alternative terms?

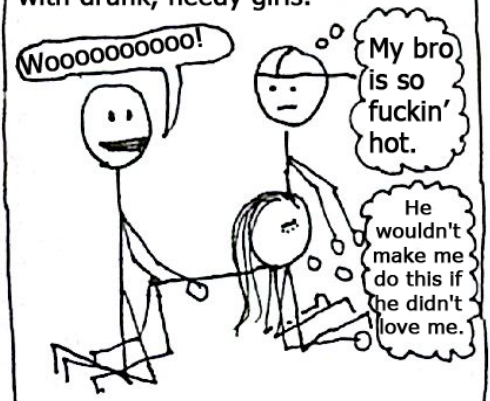
- Pookie Wonderland

What happens at Sex Parties?

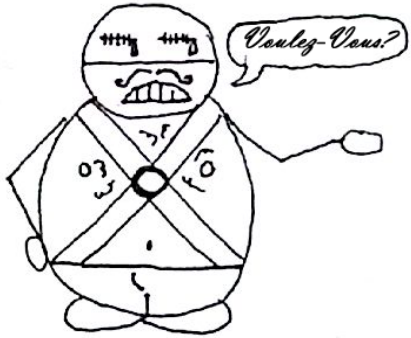
Of course, there's no easy way for people like us to tell.
But we have a pretty good idea.

by FOMOsexual

Frat boys perform 'Eiffel Towers' with drunk, needy girls.

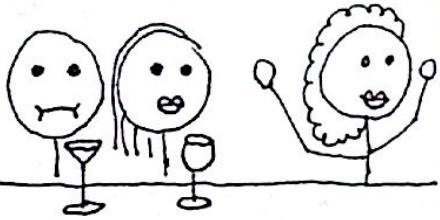


Your high school French teacher engages in leathery acts with the parents of his students.



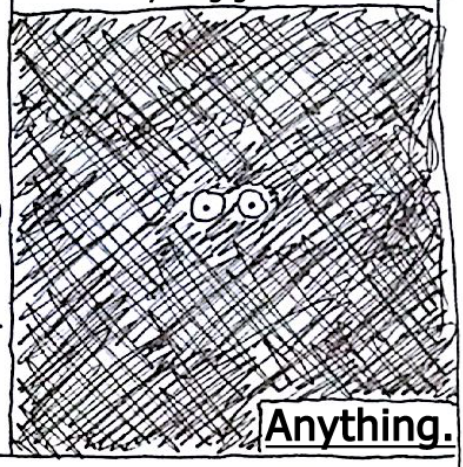
The following week, at parent-teacher night, barely a wink is exchanged.

Furtive men and their bi-curious fiancees stalk free-spirited, elusive 'unicorns', who ignore their clumsy hints.

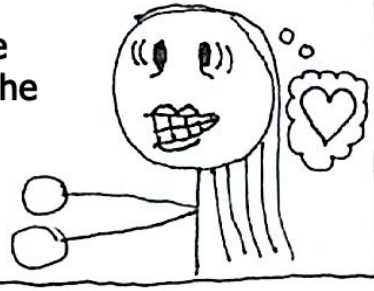


Whether or not they find a third, tearful arguments ensue.

One room is completely dark. Here... anything goes.

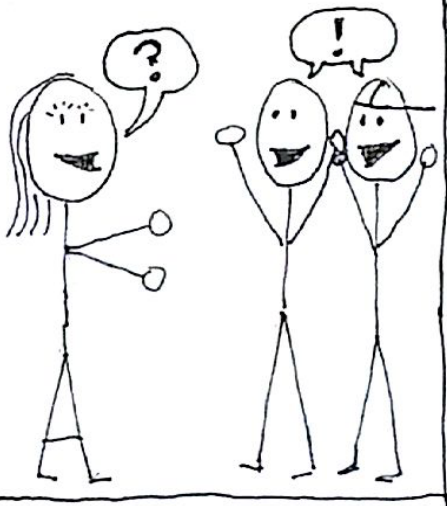


Everyone's there because they're essentially broken, trying to fill the heart-shaped hole in their chest with whatever is available.

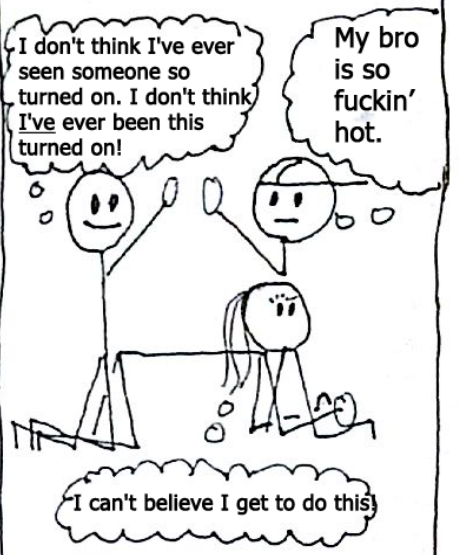


My friends and I actually do throw small sex parties.
They're -- to use an blandly appropriate term -- really very NICE.

When you've figured out what you want, and give yourself permission to ask for it (from people you know won't be offended by the asking (and who know you won't be offended by a no))...



Magic happens.



Trying in vain to fill an emotional hole?

People do get hurt and angry sometimes. We are, after all, toying with our primitive brains and culturally ingrained senses of propriety.

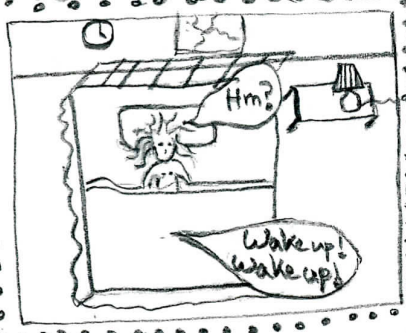
But we prioritize safety -- both emotional and physical. I think we do pretty OK.

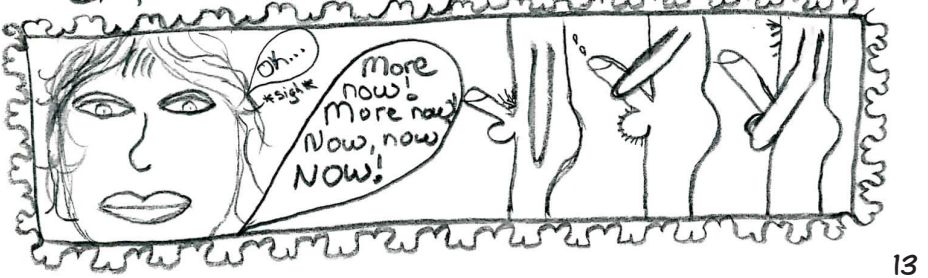
You should think about throwing a sex party. They're crazy and weird and there's a lot to learn but it's worth it. You don't even have to invite your French teacher (and, to be honest, I'm not sure I want to share him).

Ode to HITACHI MAGIC WAND

The Incredibly True Story of How I Became a Cock Monster

by *Golden Child* *Rawr*





"The Family Tree"

a comic of the song by Courtney McClean & The Dirty Curls

WHEN YOU FINALLY GOT ME HOME
I GOT TO SEE YOUR
TINY PRICK...
I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO WITH THIS...
YEAH, IT'S NICE DOIN' IT NORMAL BUT NOW I'M GONNA TELL YOU WHERE TO
HERE.
PULL UP OTHER LEG
STICK IT

YOUR MOUTH **AGAPE**

YOU WERE AMAZED!

SAY WHUT, LADY?

THAT SUCH A THING I WOULD SUGGEST!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW 'EM, BUT I BET

BOOTY CALL ▪ 4

Missionary 4EVA. brb.

THOSE OTHER **WHORES** YOU'VE FUCKED ARE JUST

REPRESSED

FISTS OF POWER!
WOOOOOOO!
jump for joy
OUCHIE
BUT I KNOW I MADE YOUR DAY...
YOUR WEEK, YOUR MONTH, EVEN YOUR YEAR.
I'LL DO A LOT, BUT I GOT MY LIMITS:
HAPPY ONE-NIGHT STAND!
SISTER FISTER
GET YOUR WET FINGER AWAY FROM MY EAR.
AW HELL NAH!

BUTT SEX ISN'T JUST FOR
HOMOS!
IT'S GOOD IF YOU DO IT RIGHT TO ME!
COME BACK SOON!

Slick it up
AND START IT OUT IN
SLO-MO
AIN'T NO BRANCHIN' OUT THE
FAMILY TREE!
ANAL
BABIES
WAH WAH
I RESENT YOU SO MUCH!

Reject in San Francisco in "Recipe for Perfect Sex"

1. Overcast Saturday afternoon (no guilt for not leaving apartment)

2. Very loud metal albums ALL DAY

Ride the Tiger... You can see his stripes but you know he's clean...

3. Must be ALONE (no observers)

Neurosis

← running man

4.

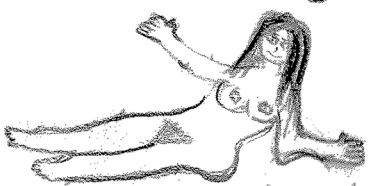
50" TV playing Felicity, Gilmore Girls, Sex & the City all day

5. Massive Amount of wine imbibed causing bursts of emotion and eventual passing out

DREAM/REALITY

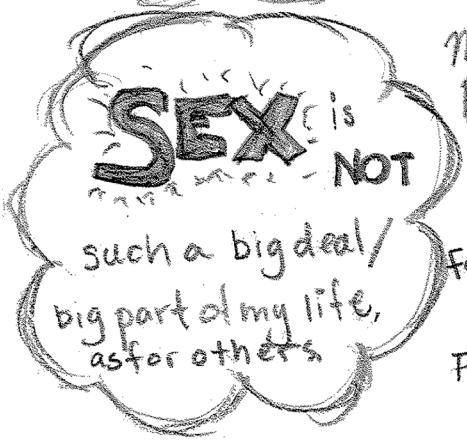
by smalls

cavorting naked is way more sexy

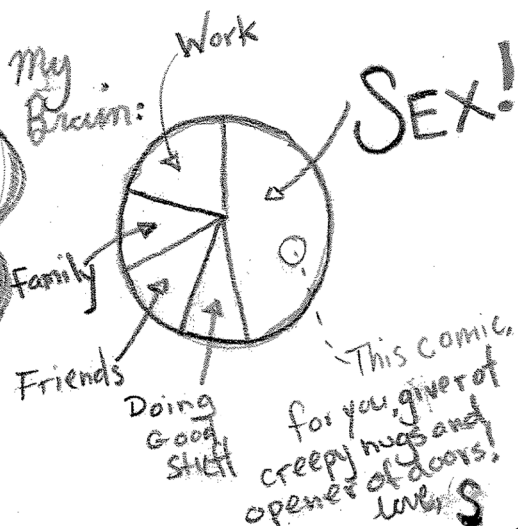


Besides, bras are hard

∞ forever and perfect ~~perfect~~ arent real



My Brain:



This comic, for you, giver of creepy hugs and opener of doors, luv S

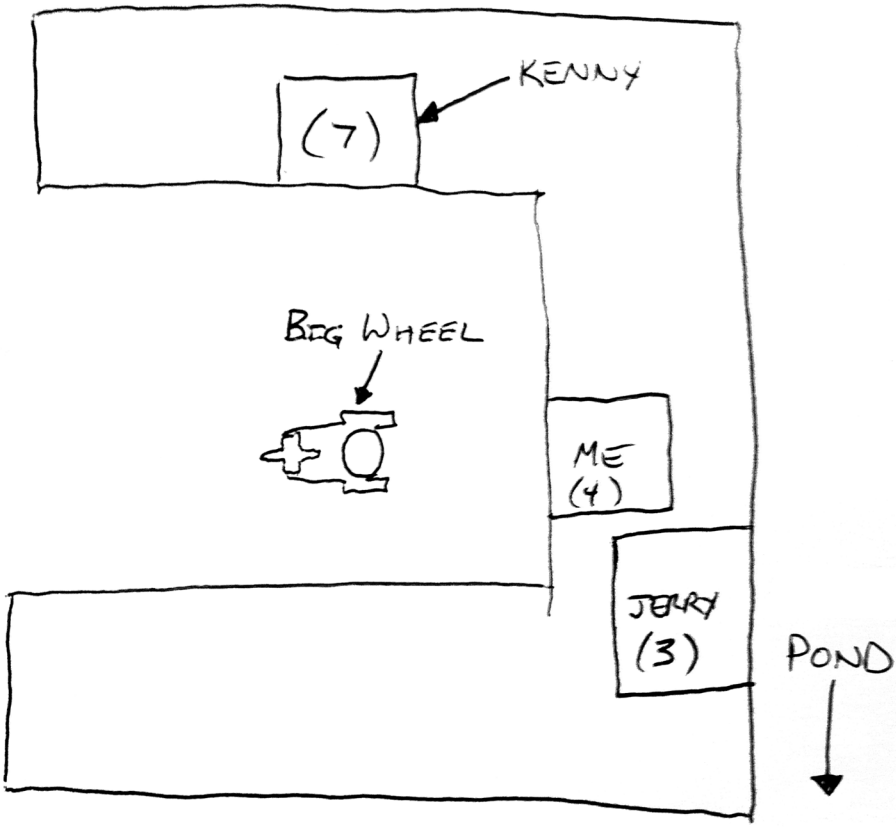
HAUNTED HOUSE

A TALE OF SEXUAL HORROR

BY

DANIEL DAVID TALSKY

WHEN I WAS FOUR OR SO, I LIVED IN AN APARTMENT COMPLEX IN PALATINE, IL

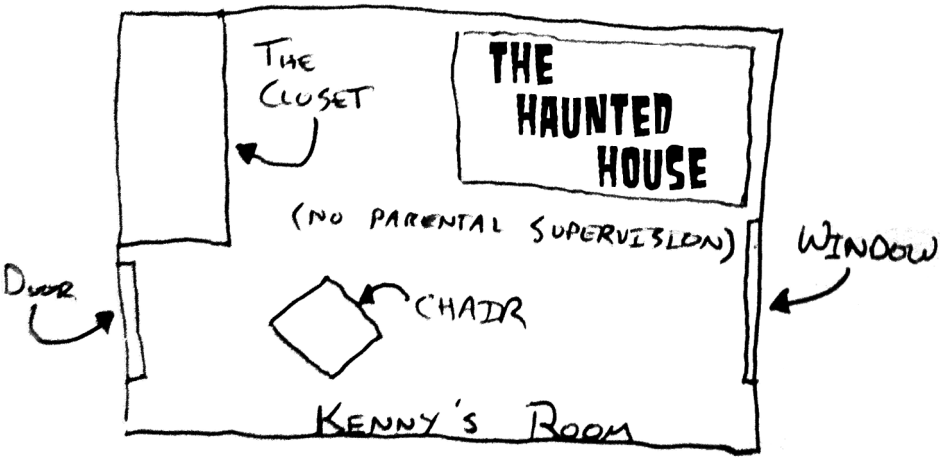


I HAD TWO FRIENDS WHO LIVED THERE. A KID ONE YEAR YOUNGER, JERRY, AND AN OLDER KID OF ABOUT 7 NAMED KENNY.

ONE DAY, KENNY SUGGESTED HE + I PLAY A GAME CALLED

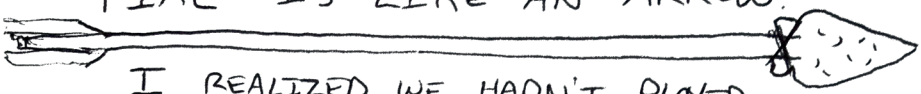
HAUNTED HOUSE

HAUNTED HOUSE CONSISTED OF GETTING UNDER THE BED, WHERE ONE PERSON WAS THE BOY + ONE PERSON WAS THE GIRL.



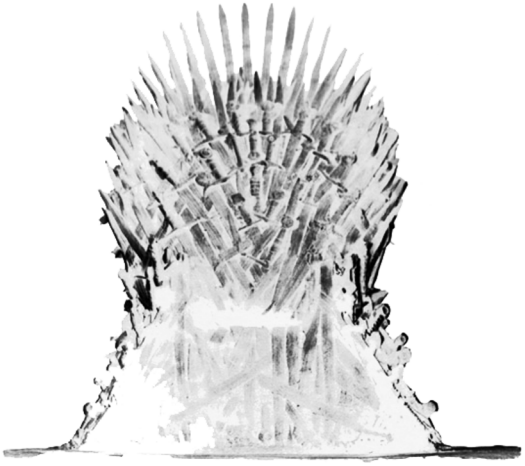
I FORGET THE DETAILS, BUT THE GIRL GAVE THE BOY ORAL SEX. I THOUGHT THE GAME WAS A GREAT IDEA AND FELT WONDERFUL. I LIKED BEING THE BOY BETTER BUT DIDN'T MIND BEING THE GIRL.

TIME IS LIKE AN ARROW.



I REALIZED WE HADN'T PLAYED **HAUNTED HOUSE** IN A WHILE SO I ASKED HIM ABOUT IT.

"SURE, WE CAN PLAY HAUNTED HOUSE." HE SAID, "BUT YOU HAVE TO BE THE GIRL, AND I'M GOING TO SIT IN THIS CHAIR.



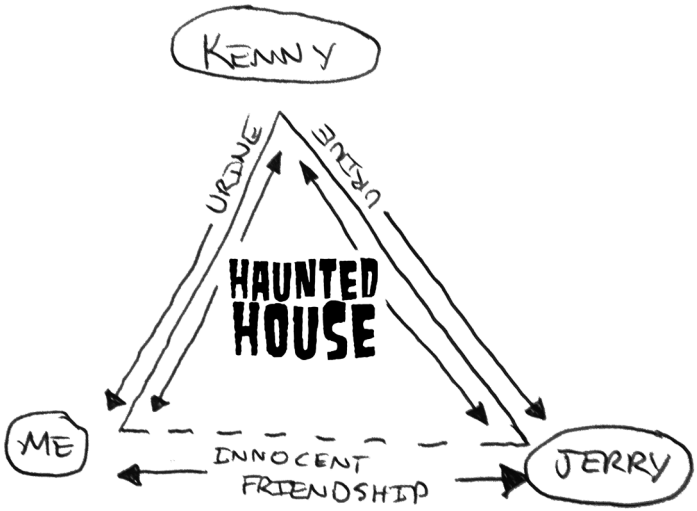
INTERESTING.

OK. SURE. I AGREED, AND AS I STARTED... HE PEED IN MY MOUTH. I WAS SORT OF CONFUSED BUT DIDN'T REALLY CARE THAT MUCH.

HE LAUGHED,
"I DID THAT TO JERRY THE OTHER DAY, TOO."
MY MIND STRUGGLED TO GRASP THIS NEW INFORMATION. HE PLAYED **HAUNTED HOUSE** WITH JERRY ?!
WE'D AGREED, JERRY WAS "A BABY".

WE NEVER PLAYED **HAUNTED HOUSE** AGAIN.

I CONSIDER IT A LARGELY POSITIVE EXPERIENCE, BUT WONDER IF IT DIDN'T PERMANENTLY WARP MY IDEA OF SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS, SINCE MY FIRST ONE INVOLVED A WEIRD BETRAYAL SO YOUNG.



IS IT WHY I'M POLY?
WHY I'M SO SEXUALIZED?

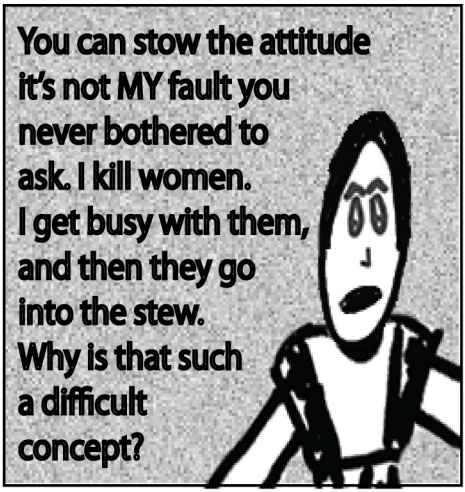
WELL, GLAD THERE'S THERAPY.

fin.

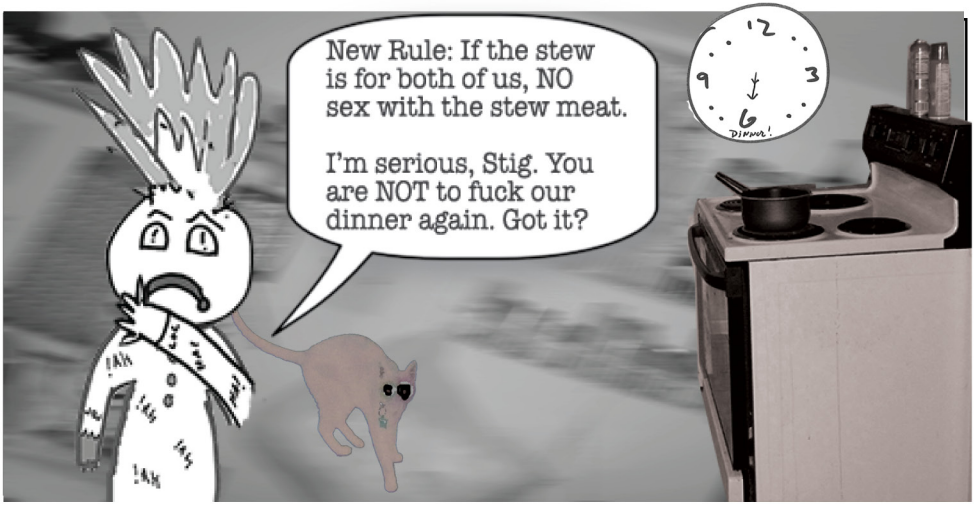
DANIEL ALSKY

Stig & The Puppetman #6 :Timing

By: Wednesday Lee Friday

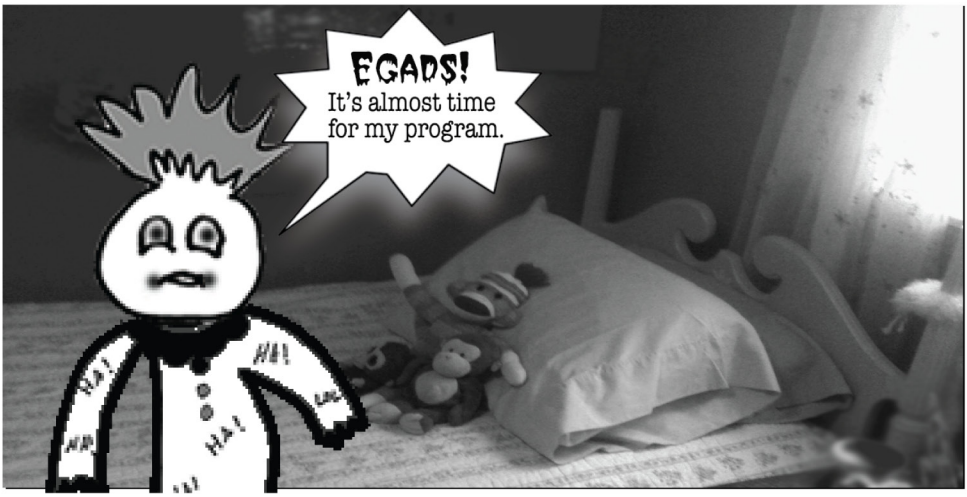

You can stow the attitude it's not MY fault you never bothered to ask. I kill women. I get busy with them, and then they go into the stew. Why is that such a difficult concept?

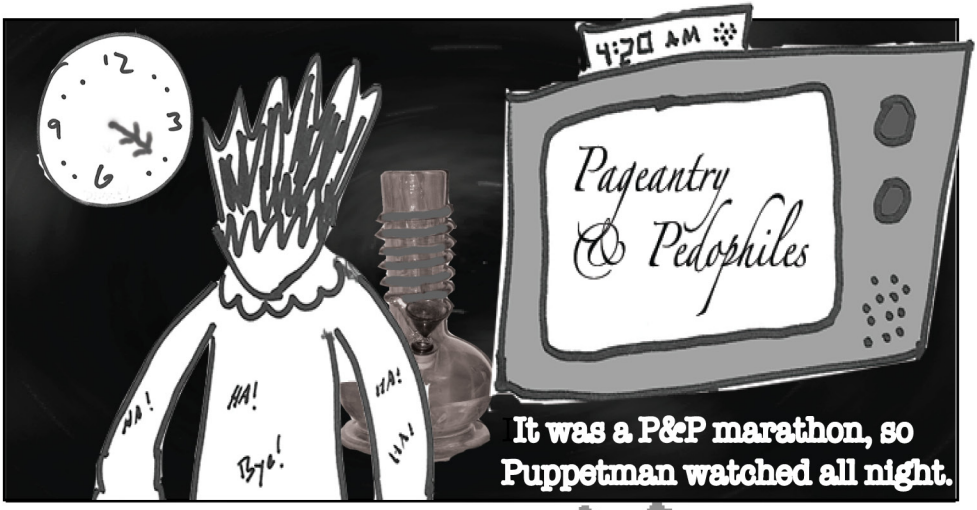
HURL

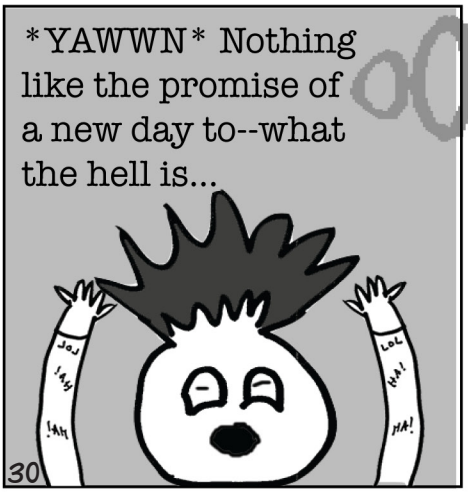

New Rule: If the stew is for both of us, NO sex with the stew meat.
I'm serious, Stig. You are NOT to fuck our dinner again. Got it?
12
3
6
9
Dinner!

I GET IT already! Any other commands, your majesty??? Or may I be free to go about my affairs?

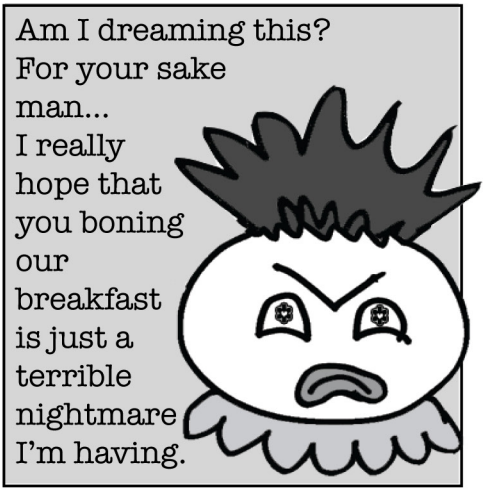
You just remember it, dammit!
DICK


EGADS!
It's almost time for my program.
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!


4:20 AM
Pageantry & Pedophiles
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
Bye!
It was a P&P marathon, so Puppetman watched all night.

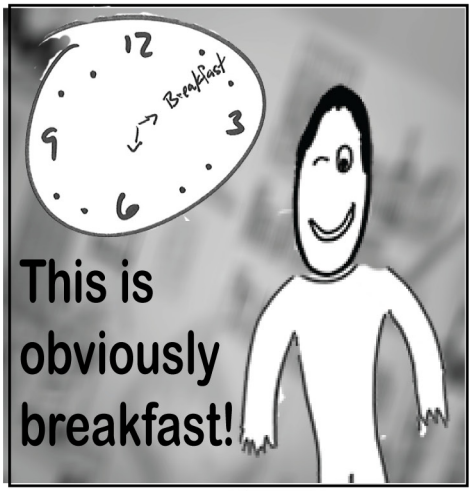

YAWWN Nothing like the promise of a new day to--what the hell is...
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!

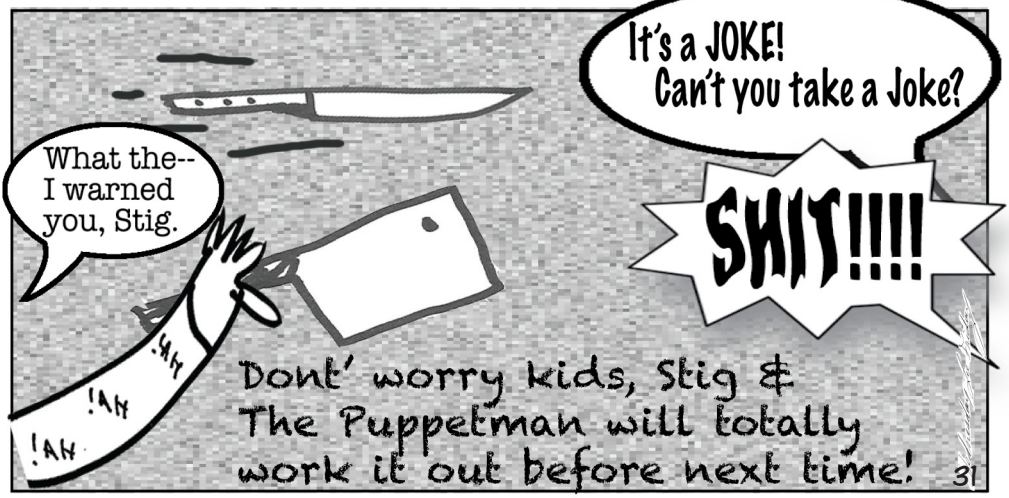
ungh ungh
yeeeeah
HNG!
UNGH!
UNG!


Am I dreaming this? For your sake man... I really hope that you boning our breakfast is just a terrible nightmare I'm having.

It's ah...it's not what it looks like.
Honest...

Relax, my Puppeteery companion! I agreed not to get bizzay with the dinner, and I haven't.


12
3
6
9
Breakfast
This is obviously breakfast!


What the-- I warned you, Stig.
It's a JOKE! Can't you take a Joke?
SHIT!!!!
HA!
HA!
HA!
Dont' worry kids, Stig & The Puppetman will totally work it out before next time!

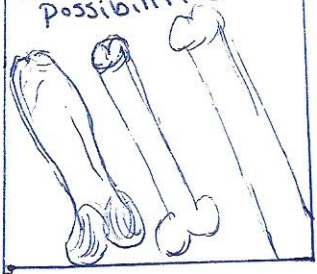
Divorce Sex by Meghan Scibona

Why didn't anyone tell me? Sex after divorce R-O-C-K-S. Not with your ex. Someone new (assuming monogamy for the purpose of this story.)

My first kiss with a new person in 8 years. His first new kiss in 10. We got lucky. It was ↓ ELECTRIC

Divorce sex is like losing your virginity in the best possible way. You know what you're doing. You know what you like. You (hopefully) ask for what you want.

All kinds of body parts in new shapes and sizes. New possibilities.



It all worked on me. I felt like a puppet in his care. He could move me with ease. With his hands. Mouth. Cock.

www.resilientbrainforest.com
@ResBraFo
Dearest Ruffhouse
Thank you for being awe
BY NC SA